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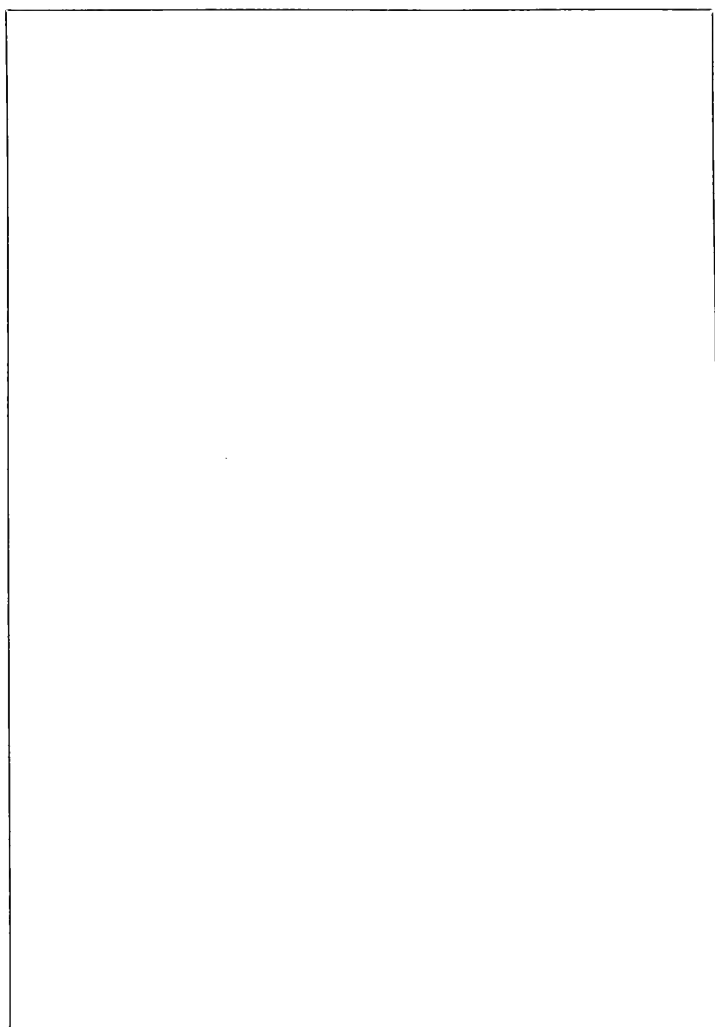
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IN
FOND AND LOVING MEMORY
OF
Lonnie Hinton Winston.



PROEM.

THESE pages are intended not so much to commemorate the life and character of my precious child, as to be helpful to her young friends in impressing upon them the silent but powerful influence which is constantly emanating from their every-day lives.

This record of Lonnie's life as given through friends who knew her best, cannot fail to show that the speech and habits of even so young a girl, testify daily to her character.

Lonnie early showed many traits of gentleness and loveliness, yet all the while she desired and labored to secure higher attainments and nobler development.

Her gentle, loving, unselfish disposition which manifested itself so wonderfully during her last illness and elicited so many expressions of surprise and admiration from those who saw her, was

not a sudden development or instantaneous blossoming of character, but these traits had grown and strengthened in the lovely bud ere they unfolded into the perfect flower.

May this chaplet of immortelles woven by tender hands to crown the memory of my precious child, prove to be enduring in beauty and influence to the dear girls who read these lovely tributes, as they will always be to

LONNIE'S MOTHER.



LONNIE.

A tiny babe just gone to sleep,
Why does the tender mother weep ?
 Ah, great has been her sorrow,

A little child, her father dead,
She has become in father's stead,
 Her mother's glad to-morrow,

A gentle girl with sweet brown eyes,
As lovely as our Southern skies,
 So beautiful, so tender,

A bounteous blessing she has come,
A flood of sunshine to her home,
 Did Heavenly Father send her,

Tho' beautiful in form and face,
More lovely far in Heavenly grace,
 The passing moments find her,

Her innocence and child-like trust,
Her natural impulse to be just,
 Unto all hearts entwined her,

Her life completed in its morn,
Her day's work ended 'ere the thorn
 Of lengthened toil could wound her,

She sees the smile without the frown :
Free from the cross, she wears the crown,
 With kindred spirits round her,

L. M. D.

“ In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.”

LONNIE WINSTON.

LOXXIE, daughter and only child of Mrs. Laura A. Winston, died near Greensboro, N. C., July 2d, 1890, in the fourteenth year of her age.

She was born in Raleigh, N. C., August 2d, 1876. Her father, A. H. Winston, was called to Heaven only five days after her birth, and thus she became, in her earliest infancy, the sole earthly comfort and joy of her mother's heart. Even in babyhood her large, thoughtful, brown eyes would watch the "slow dropping tears" of the sorrowing mother, and with baby caresses and loving looks seek to win a smile and to bring the love-light to her gentle, sorrowful face. And never did she fail in her mission, for the mother's heart would take courage for the sake of her precious child, and the answering caress and loving smile, though often with blinding tears, would bring sunlight to baby's watchful face.

"Would you know the baby's skies?

Baby's skies are mother's eyes.

Mother's eyes and smile together

Make the baby's pleasant weather.

“ Mother keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining
Lest the baby think 'tis raining.”

This little poem sent at that time to her mother, described most perfectly the sympathy that existed between the baby girl and her young mother, and also shows how early began her influence and the restraining, comforting, and beneficial effect.

Little Lonnie had most tender, careful nurture, growing more and more beloved by all who knew her, and, increasing in stature and wisdom, she filled her mother's heart with love and joy.

Thus the unfolding of her character, the developing of all that was beautiful and good was a constant source of delight to her loved ones and friends.

The only falsehood her mother ever knew her to tell occurred when she was about three years old. When the exceeding sinfulness of telling what was not true was explained to her by her mother, she became so penitent that with tearful eyes she clasped her little hands and prayed, “ Please, God, don't let me tell any more tories.”

Her greatest pleasure was to be with mamma, and by every word and act to show dependence upon, and devotion to her.

Under the careful training of her pious mother, aided by a most devout grandmother and other Christian relatives, she grew up fond of good works and anxiously desirous of doing all she could for the cause of her Saviour.

One little incident will give an idea of her simple, strong faith in prayer and illustrates the child-like trust our Lord, himself, approved.

When five years of age she had frequent and violent attacks of croup, and after one very severe attack, when kneeling to say her evening prayer, she asked, "Mama, if I ask God not to let me have croup any more, will He not?" Her mother replied, "Darling, it may be that God sees best for you to have croup, but ask Him." So on finishing her little prayer, she said, "Please, God, don't let me have croup any more," and she never did.

It was when Lonnie was about six years old that her mother believes she was genuinely converted; since that time she ever tried in some way to work for Jesus.

After her death, especially, servants, who had lived in the family, have told how she often spoke to them and asked them to "be good." She was naturally a timid, shrinking child; and when any unpleasant duty was presented to her, she would draw back from it saying, "O, mama, I can't, I

can't;" yet if asked to do it to please mama, or from a still higher motive, to please the Lord Jesus, she would put aside her timidity, as much as possible, and perform the duty or accede to the request.

It was her privilege to travel with her mother quite extensively, and on these trips she was associated with others of prominence, culture, and piety.

She seemed to carry with her at all times the conscious nearness of her Saviour, and often, when apparently entirely engrossed in play with other children, she would suddenly leave them and run to her mama to ask if certain expressions or acts were right. This tenderness of conscience and watchfulness on her part in regard to doing wrong, did not lessen her enjoyment of the pleasures and delights of childhood, but she rather entered with added zest and interest into her pursuits and plays when assured of being right.

During one of her journeys amidst mountainous scenery, awaking early one morning and looking from the car window, while passing over a river, she softly repeated to her mother a portion of the following lines from the beautiful poem "Coming."

"It may be at the cock-crow,
 When the night is dying slowly
 In the sky,
 And the sea looks calm and holy,
 Waiting for the dawn
 Of the golden sun
 Which draweth nigh;
 When the mists are on the valleys, shading
 The river's chill,
 And my morning-star is fading, fading
 On the hill;
 Behold I say unto you: Watch:
 Let the door be on the latch
 In your home;
 In the chill before the dawning,
 Between the night and morning,
 I may come."

This little incident, from among many, is selected to show the child's appreciation and application of the beautiful in Nature and Art.

About two and a half years of her life were spent in Matamoras, Mexico, in an English school of Missions, conducted by her aunt, under the supervision of the Society of Friends. While sojourning there she readily acquired the Spanish language and spoke it fluently. It was in Mexico that she was enabled to do her most efficient work for the dear Saviour.

Just before leaving for Mexico a gentleman

friend said to her, "Lonnie, I hope you will do those little Mexican girls a great deal of good," and she replied very distinctly, "I will try." She did indeed "try," and her efforts were crowned with abundant success.

The lady with whom they travelled to Mexico was impressed with dear little Lonnie's distress when in New Orleans, at the desecration of the Sabbath.

After arriving in Mexico the wicked customs of the people and especially the untruthfulness of the children often wounded her sensitive nature. On one occasion she came to her mama weeping bitterly and told her that one of the girls had made fun of her "faith" and said her religion was "all wrong." Yet before Lonnie left Mexico this girl became an earnest, devoted Christian.

It is not known to any of us, God has these things in His own keeping, what this dear child did for these little Mexican girls with whom she associated day after day. Her devotion to her mama, her strict adherence to the truth under all circumstances, and her fearlessness in denouncing everything that was not true and right had an untold influence for good. Her Sunday afternoons were generally spent in relating Bible stories to the children, in their own beautiful language. They were very fond of listening to her and would constantly beg for "one more."

She kept, while there, a diary in English, Spanish, and French. She had also finished translating about one-fourth of a sweet little Spanish story into the English language, and told her mama that if she could make any money from it, all of it should go to the Mission work in Mexico. This translation now remains, just as she left it, between the lids of her Spanish dictionary. Letters from her little friends and schoolmates in Mexico show the good influence exerted by her lovely character, and also tell how the girls looked up to, admired, and loved dear "Lonita" as she was called by them. One says, "She was always such a dear Christian girl;" another writes, "Lonita, we know, is with God and in a short time we who are good will be with her." Still another writes, "Never will I forget my dear 'Lonita,' and the sweet hours spent with her in the school. She was always a good Christian girl, and there is no doubt she is now with the Lord Jesus. I have always loved her very much and can never, never forget her." A lady friend writes that Lonnie's influence is still fresh and strong over some of the little Mexican girls, so much they felt the power of her innocence and truthfulness.

In the spring of 1889, after the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Yancey Ballinger, she returned with her mother to North Carolina. The last

entry made in her diary was dated March 15, 1889, just before she and her mama left Mexico. It is as follows :

MATAMORAS, MEXICO, MARCH 15, 1889.

"A very sad thing has happened in our family. My dear grandma has gone to live with God : it is not sad that she has gone to live with God—that is glorious—but that she has left us alone. She died February 8, 1889."

A beautiful trait in Lonnie's character showed itself when her grandma died. Upon receiving the first telegram that told of her grandmother's illness she was quite overcome and could not control her grief. But when the last one reached them telling that the dear grandmother had passed into the skies, she forgot herself and tried to comfort her mother. She put her loving arms around her mother and said, "O, mama, it is all right, it is all for the best, else God would not allow it," repeating the same words several times. The American Consul who was the bearer of the sad news was surprised at the child's thoughtfulness for her mother and forgetfulness of herself.

In the winter of 1889 she came with her mother to Raleigh to attend school. The records of Peace Institute show faithful conscientious work on the part of the scholar, and her character was such

that it is not strange that she was beloved by teachers and schoolmates. Many plans were laid for her education with a view that she might be useful for the Master, glorifying Him in possessing that inward adorning of the soul so highly commended in the blessed Bible.

Little has been said in regard to her beauty of face and person; she was so lovely to all who knew her that it seems unnecessary to dwell upon that subject or even attempt to bring up before them the picture of her retained so vividly in their minds. Could one possessing her attractions of mind and heart be otherwise than beautiful? During her last illness she had her mother read to her, "The May Queen," which was one of her favorites.

"For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and (loved ones)
come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your
breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest."

Her devotion to her mother was the earliest trait developed in her character, and it manifested itself up to the last hour of her lovely life. It had been her custom for years, when leaving her

mama for a short visit or school, to ask, "Will you take care of yourself?" or "Are you perfectly well, mama?" or some question showing great consideration on her part. Not an hour before her loving spirit took its Heavenward flight she asked, "Mama, must I be uneasy about you?" The last precious Bible reading the mother had with her darling child was the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, and Lonnie said, "Mama, I don't know the time when I didn't love Jesus."

She seldom spoke of her father except to her mother when they were alone, and then it was to her such a delight and pleasure to hear all that her mother could tell about him. Yet during her last illness she spoke of him frequently, and just before her death she looked up and said, "Papa!" as though he were present with her. She was perfectly conscious to the last, and at one time said in a clear, bright tone, "O, I am so happy." Then she looked up with a startled expression, which soon gave way to one of wonder, as though she were looking upon some scene that was not familiar to her, then her countenance brightened, and, looking up higher and higher with radiant face, she passed beyond the portals of Heaven opened to receive her.

One of those who stood by her bedside said that as she looked up, up, higher and higher, it seemed

that her spirit, like a beautiful bird, was soaring away shedding celestial radiance in its Heavenward flight.

“ Sleep on beloved, sleep and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour’s breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
‘ Good-night !’ ‘ Good-night !’ ‘ Good-night !’ ”

“ Only ‘ good-night,’ beloved, not ‘ farewell,’
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
‘ Good-night !’ ‘ Good-night !’ ‘ Good-night !’ ”

“ Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
‘ Good-night !’ ‘ Good-night !’ ‘ Good-night !’ ”



"She was my staff, my beautiful rod."

A LOVING TRIBUTE.

"Nothing fails of its end."

What sympathies encircle these stricken ones to-day?

What sacred memories will cling to this home so sorely bereft?

We cannot see as God sees! He has a plan for the beautiful flower of human life, of which we see only a part, and we are surprised when our expectations are suddenly cut off.

We thought when we looked upon one so fair, so beautiful, that her life would be continued in our midst for years to come, while *He* was painting upon its petals the finishing touches before transplanting it in Paradise. So here we stand with aching hearts and empty hands to learn the lesson that we are finite and that "His ways are not our ways;" that nothing here is permanent, and we must prepare for the eternal.

In our thoughtless fondness we looked upon this dear child as one who was just preparing to do her work upon earth and did not discover the

finished character of one who had fulfilled her mission.

Plainly is it visible that Lonnie had a mission on earth and that the whole of her life, brief as it has been, was devoted to it.

Early did she learn that her mission was to comfort her mother, and instinctively did she devote herself in her baby years to its performance.

So all through the saintly life just closed, the varied duties have been performed in turn.

She lived for others!

The comfort heaped upon the desolate bleeding heart of the lonely mother, the cheer and sunshine scattered in the pathway of the grandparents—the happy sports with uncles and aunts, the love of Jesus borne to the children of Mexico where she was truly a Christian light, and the example of a Christian child-life;—the influence of a careful conscientious student—the thoughtful devoted daughter, who never left the mother's side in the morning without a prayer that God would "bless and keep manna through the day;"—the anxious thoughtful care for her mother with her latest breath;—all of this and more has been the work of this dear child.

The book of her life is finished when we thought only the preface written. It is composed of beautiful chapters of which, as we have scanned the

sweet little incidents, it seemed we would never tire and we long for another chapter; but she will write no more, the book is completed. The golden clasp has been put on. Her mission is ended!

She has not lived in vain—her work is done, but her influence is not ended. Her pure life made fragrant with the blossoms of the Christian graces has made holier all the young lives with which she has been associated and her influence still lives and will live on though she has begun to tune her harp in Heaven.



“ She is not dead,—the child of our affection,
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.”

IN MEMORY OF LONNIE WINSTON.

Death always comes veiled in mystery and draped with sadness, and though but life's counterpart, for where the one is there you find the other, yet about the Providence which prompts this sketch a peculiar sorrow lingers. The old man bending beneath the weight of life's burden and with the tremor of age in his hand, lies down by the wayside of life, and giveth up the ghost without wonder or surprise on the part of those who have watched, loved and served him amid his weaknesses and the decline of his last days. But when the angel of death invades the sacred precincts of a widow's home and lays his cold and blighting fingers upon the heart of her only child and thus ends a life brief, 'tis true, but radiant while it lasted with sunshine and joy for all around, and to human view so full of future promise, then it is, we discover our arrival at that pass in life, which to us is thoroughly inexplicable and our only peace is found in looking away in simple trustfulness to the dawn of that day,

when there shall be a satisfactory unfolding of that Providence at which we can only look through a glass darkly now—gathering sweetest comfort from Him who said: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Lonnie Winston was born in a Christian home, where she early learned the way of life and early walked therein—hence the ripeness of her Christian experience was peculiarly marked because of her tender age. She was of that lovely mould of character which by its gentleness impresses one with the fact that she has been in sweet contact with the Saviour. Her piety found expression, not so much in words, as in her cheerfulness, purity and truthfulness. During her illness she spoke of her preparation for death. She was not afraid to meet death, to stand face to face with the King of Terrors, for in his hand, he held a crown of everlasting life for her now paled brow.

She was, as in all other relations of her life, faithful in the discharge of the duties devolving upon her as a member of this Sabbath School. She was punctual, attentive, studious and dutiful. We miss her presence in our weekly gatherings here and realize that in her death we have lost a valued member.

To her loving and bereaved mother we tender our sincere prayers and sympathy, with the hope

that the Holy Comforter may apply to her bowed spirit the comforts and consolations of Divine grace, so that she may be led to see only the bright side of this cloud.

“How sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hand,
To meet one another again.”

Signed, J. H. CORDON,
J. G. BROWN,
MRS. T. B. MOSELY,
MISS MYRTLE WHITE,
MISS KATIE BELVIN,
Committee.



“What could it mean? On the joy of our day
This swift gloom of night?
Can He mean us to work, or to think or to pray
With her face out of sight?”

LETTERS.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 3, 1890.

. . . . Your grief and loss is ours. You need comfort and strength and so do we; we cannot give any, but do pray the dear Lord to supply all that is needed and are assured that He will.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 13, 1890.

. . . . True comfort must come from the Comforter. . . . You can rest satisfied "that as one whom his mother Comforteth," so the Lord will comfort you. . . . I dare not trust myself to tell you how keen the loss is to me and how the future had been pictured and planned for the darling child. . . . Blessed memory! still there are regrets that I did not have her with me more in the time she was at school here, that I might have known more of her sweet character, and if possible, loved her more. As the child of my best friend, who fourteen years ago went before, and I must say, as a child of our Church, for in part she was so regarded, she was treble dear to me; in addition to all these things, there was her own beauty of character and spirit. Dear, dear Lonita: 2d Sam., 12th Chapter, 23d verse.

ANN HARBOR, MICH., 9-21-1890.

... Seldom if ever have four words brought such a shock to our household. We knew the almost perfection of the child and thy devoted love to her. Our hearts bleed for thee—to have lost thy earthly *all* of family, and one so bright and lovely as that sweet child, seems indeed mysterious. Only the Lord can sustain thee. May his loving arms bear thee up.

Dear child! young as she was, she did not live in vain. Her pure and loving life yet lives a bright example to draw others to virtue and to goodness, to the love and fear of the Lord. It has been with sweet pleasure that we have heard of her influence still fresh and strong, over some of those little Mexican girls, so much they felt the power of her innocence and truthfulness. May the lesson of her life yet sink more deeply into many hearts. . . .

BATESVILLE, ARK., July 19, 1890.

... I have just heard of your bereavement; I weep with you and mourn for her as one "too bright and pure for earth."

May the Everlasting arms be about you and as a tender "mother comforteth her child," may He comfort you. . . .

MADISON SPRINGS, N. C., July 4, 1890.

. . . . The sad intelligence has just reached me that thy precious Lonnie has "gone up higher." Words fail me to express the sympathy of my heart for thee. I feel that I can only cry mightily unto God to be very near to support and strengthen thee. And I know He will. . . . I have watched the devotedness of your lives and thought how lovely thus to live and work for the Master. . . . Precious Lonnie seemed so willing to do her part and yet so unassuming. Truly the ways of our Father seem very mysterious, but we can trust Him and be assured that He makes no mistakes.

"God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But thou thyself wouldst do,
Couldst thou see the end of all events,
As well as He. . . ."

GREENVILLE, S. C., July 27, 1890.

. . . . I have just heard through Miss D. of the overwhelming sorrow that has come to you in the death of dear "Lonnie," and I hasten to tell you how my heart aches for you; nothing but God's grace can bear you through it, but He has promised that it shall be sufficient for you. . . . Lonnie was such a sweet, attractive child and such a joy and comfort to you, it does seem to our finite minds a strange Providence that calls you to give her up. I am sure that the memory of her gracious and beautiful life among us will long live in our hearts. . . . Mr. M. joins me in sympathy and regards.

MENOLA, N. C., Sept., 1890.

. . . Her life was so irreproachable and admirable in beauty and loveliness—she seemed a spirit of most delicate and gentle cast. . . I recall with pleasure those weeks she spent in my home and school with her Aunt C. In all her lessons and plays, she was exceptionally model, sweet spirited and intelligent. And I also recall with sad pleasure our last meeting last April in R——, she was the same, modest, gentle, not shy, nor forward—but admirably beautiful in mind and manner, intelligently respectful, affable and entertaining in conversation. . . An eminent minister once said to me, we must believe that our Father is not less good when He takes away than when He gives. “What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. . . .”

MARION, N. C., July 11, 1890.

. . . I learned with sorrow and sympathy that your precious Lonnie has been taken from you. Not having heard of the dear child's illness, you can imagine how shocked I was to hear that she had gone from us. . . My heart aches for you in this great affliction. I know not what to say to comfort you. Dear Lonnie! She was too bright for this world—God has taken her unto himself for some wise purpose. . . She seemed so perfectly pure and sincere, so natural and free from self-consciousness. To me she was a most lovely child. . . Mr. C—— joins me in sympathy. . . .

MATEHUALA, MEXICO, July, 1890.

. . . . Since hearing of the death of your precious child, you have been constantly in my thoughts. . . . J—— was so devoted to Lonnie and had told me so much about her that I had learned to love the dear child and admire the strong Christian character that she possessed at such an early age. . . . The mysteries of these early transfers from earth to Heaven, the Scriptures do not solve, but we cannot mistrust God. . . . The Heavenly Country has an added attraction—she binds us to life eternal. . . .

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 2, 1890.

. . . . I cannot tell you how my heart goes out to you and how earnestly I have talked to our Father about you. I am sure of His loving care for you at this time of special need. . . . How near Heaven must seem to you, and how high the privilege to be the mother of an angel. Human words seem almost useless—but prayerful sympathy is taken by the Spirit and used in His way. May I thus touch you, dear friend, and bring a tiny bit of comfort. . . .

DURHAM, N. C., July 6, 1890.

. . . . I scarcely know what to say to you in this hour of sadness, but I feel that I must assure you of the true, deep sympathy you have from our entire household. You have always been very near to us, and whenever you had trials and griefs we entered into them. . . . The sad, sad news was such a shock to us, as we did not even know that the dear child was sick, and it had seemed only a few days since we had such a sweet smile and wave of the hand from you both on cars when leaving D—— that I hoped it might be a mistake. . . . We all felt benefited by coming in contact with such a dear, sweet loving interesting child last October. I remember saying then that she seemed almost too pure for this world. What precious memories you must have of her! We read of such, but seldom meet them in real life. . . . My children were devoted to Lonnie. M—— says she was so admired by all at "Peace" and took such a high stand. The melody of those Spanish songs she sang for me when here, lingers with me still. . . . May God enfold you and lead you lovingly on to the end.

610 BELLEFONTAIN ST.,

INDIANAPOLIS, 7-8-1890.

. . . . Is it true? Ah, it cannot be true that dear Lonnie, thy only child has been taken from thee! We are overwhelmed with grief. . . . My dear niece, may the Everlasting Arms, be underneath, and the presence of Jesus constantly felt. God is good, trust Him.

My prayer for thee is that He may teach thee to say: "Thy will not mine, be done. . . ." "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;" surely He loveth thee much. . . . M. seems almost sick from the shock. . . .

CHICAGO, ILL., July 7, 1890.

. . . . What can I say to make you feel how much we sympathize and sorrow with you in this sore bereavement? Yes, "Lonnie is in Heaven"—this must be your great consolation. No more sin for Lonnie. But oh, how our hearts sorrow for you. . . .! God has taken her—the "why" He will make plain on the "other side." You know Him and can you not trust Him, as in days gone by, to lead you through the dark way? May He give such help and consolation as *only He* can. Our hearts rise in prayer for you. . . .

ANN ARBOR, MICH., July 31, 1890.

... On a telegram from Brownsville last night, telling that J——would start North to-day, was the unutterably sad news of dear Lonnie's death. O, how my heart goes out to thee! If sorrow and sympathy and pity could help thee bear the trial, thou surely would feel my poor help. But I know how powerless these are to lift the burden of sorrow and unspeakable loneliness, and loss that must weigh thee down, but for better help, the help of our loving Lord, to bear the trial. To Him then only can I bear thee in prayer. O, may thou feel the Everlasting arms beneath sustaining thee!

"A little while" were the strangely mysterious words of our Lord to his disciples, then filling them with awe and alarm, but *afterwards* remembered as among the sweetest of His utterances. May they comfort thee! It will not be long, in the measures of eternity, till you are again united to part no more,—father, daughter, mother.—

"O for the faith to grasp Heaven's bright forever,
Amid the shadows of Earth's little while. . . ."

POINT ISABEL, TEXAS, July 17, 1890.

. . . . How shall I write and express even a small part of my intense sympathy for you in your great and bitter trial? Words are so poor at such times—and how inadequate when one longs most to comfort! If the passing away of dear Lonnie seems a great loss to those who knew her as friend, how much greater to those to whom she was so very precious! For you my heart aches; but for the dear child "it is well." "Safe from the world's temptation"—gone before to await you in the Paradise of God. She has laid aside the garments of flesh to learn new lessons—God has called her from this school where she had completed her task. . . . "Blessed are the pure in heart. . . ." May the Father of mercies and God of *all* comfort, our only help, look down upon you in this sad hour and breathe into your stricken heart His peace which passeth all understanding. . . .

GREENSBORO, N. C., July 6, 1890.

. . . . Before your great affliction, I stand speechless and appalled. I cannot realize that your lovely child, so bright and promising, has been gathered in by the relentless Reaper, death. . . . I do not know how to comfort you, but I just wanted to tell you that my heart is full of love and sympathy and I am praying that you may rise from this night of gloom and sorrow with your affections purified and refined, talents elicited by suffering, and strengthened and perfected to do more fully the Master's work which you have so nobly begun.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 12, 1890.

. . . . How I wish it were in my power to help you bear your burden of sorrow, and that I could speak some words of comfort to you. I can only tell the Saviour how very dear you are to me, and ask Him to be the very Friend, Helper and Comforter that you need. . . . If my loving prayers for you in their Heavenward flight might pass you like the rustle of an angel's wing, or brush your cheek with a light loving kiss, you would know how constantly you are in my thoughts and prayers. . . . I do not grieve *for* you but *with* you, for in our own home circle we miss the bright loving and lovely face of one who from her earliest infancy has ever been regarded as a member of our own family. I cannot trust myself to even attempt to tell you how very precious the darling child was to us.

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS, July 13, 1890.

. . . . The tidings of precious Lonnie's death reached us yesterday—"it is well with the child"—but oh, how our hearts grieve for you! The same Hand that took your darling holds out to you, your only comfort. May He give you the grace that alone sustains. Your darling is saved from all the bitterness of this life and has entered on an eternity of bliss. I saw J. and C. yesterday—their grief is great, so great for you. Every one who knew her here is stunned at the announcement. "*The Lord is nigh them that are of a broken heart.*"

CONSULATE GENERAL, U. S. A.,

LAREDO, MEXICO, July 28, 1893.

. . . . I was sorely pained to hear of your deep affliction on our return from a trip with S. E. and W. to Corpus Christi. I could hardly believe it at first and the sudden loss of her face from out this world is a very great shock to us all. She was specially dear to me—more so I think than any other child in the whole world not our relation. . . . Well, you are a Christian and her going is only a going before—"His ways are not ours."

S. who feels the loss of one of her (only) two intimate friends very deeply, will also write you soon. . . . When at Corpus Christi, our girls made friends of two other nice girls and we all started off for bath and walk so gaily that I was thinking them Lonnie and Elizabeth half the time—one of them had much of Lonnie's shyly obstreperous manner in joining S. and E. in demanding that I follow their united orders as to rides or walks or good things to eat. And even then she had passed on before us. . . . Well, you have had great grief before and God led you through safely, although greatly borne down.—You must give your will to help through this also.

CHELTENHAM, PENNA., 7th Mo. 26, 1890.

. . . . It was a most unexpected thing to receive a letter from M—— announcing the going to Heaven of thy precious child. I had not heard of her illness and supposed you both were enjoying your home in N. C. I can well understand what an affliction thine is—my heart goes out in much love and intense feeling for thee in this sad, sad hour. She seemed so bound up in thy life, as part of thyself and as a link with the past that thou must indeed feel borne down to the very earth. Lonnie must have been a most lovely girl. J—— has so often spoken of her in her letters and so often during her visit to me last year. I recall how interested she was in making inquiries about the schools in Philadelphia that dear Lonnie might have the best. I have often thought what a comfort she must have been to thy lonely heart, and have rejoiced in thy having such a dear charge. . . . The ways of the Heavenly Father are past finding out, and the dispensations that He is pleased to mete out to His children are inscrutable, and yet we know that “He doeth all things well. . . .” I should love to put my arms around thee and assure thee of my love and sympathy.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 4, 1890.

. . . . I was greatly shocked by reading the announcement yesterday of your great bereavement in the death of your only daughter. I need not say that you have my deepest sympathy in this overwhelming sorrow which must be almost more than you can bear. . . . Lonnie had greatly endeared herself to me by her sweet and winning ways, her gentle and refined deportment and her fidelity to every duty.—I have never felt quite so deeply the loss of any pupil. . . .

CHICAGO, ILL., July 8, 1890.

. . . . I do not know what to write—words cannot convey to you any idea of the feelings of my heart. As I write my eyes are dimmed with tears and my heart is filled with sorrow. How I wish I could say something to comfort you, but you know where to go for strength in your deep distress. While I weep, I also rejoice for I am perfectly confident that dear Lonnie is to-day in Heaven with her Saviour, whom she loved so much, and her dear Papa. . . . Little did I think when I bade her good-bye less than one month ago, that it would be the last time on earth. Blessed thought! we shall all soon be in Heaven where there will be no more parting.

H. MATAMORAS, MEXICO, July 11, 1890.

. . . . I feel how impossible it is to offer consolation to you in this hour of darkness, yet I know you trust in Him who has bereaved you. And as we know that He makes no mistakes we must feel that in this, He has done what is best for us. You will recall how Jacob mourned for his son, Joseph, and cried out in the agony of his soul, "Me have ye bereaved of my children, Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me!" Jacob did not know that at that very moment Joseph sat next the King. . . . I feel that it was a privilege to know so pure and lovely a child as Lonnie. I see how fitting that our Father should want her with Him. Heaven needed another for the celestial choir. . . . I have been glad to be with J. and C. in their deep sorrow, made doubly so by this separation, they sorrow for you, but we trust that Jesus has given you special grace. Why should we sorrow when we know that she is at Home in her Father's House.—So perfected and rounded was her character that she must feel wondrously at home there.

MATAMORAS, MEXICO, July 11, 1890.

. . . . I have just received the sad news. Am now going to see your sisters who, Miss L. writes me, are greatly grieved. May our dear Lord bind up your torn heart. It is sad, terribly sad, to stay in a world where everything we see or hear reminds us of our loved one, sad indeed, but not hopeless, for we know whom we have believed, and we know that our treasure committed to Him is safe. . . . Words are idle I know, when the heart is crushed. The dear Lord who makes no mistakes, knows what is best for the child. Lonnie is not dead, but living—suffering, sin nor sorrow can ever touch her more.

I had hoped, as I am sure all her friends did, that she was to have a long and useful life here, for which it seemed that God in His Providence had given her special training. . . . Useful it was, and long enough to do her Master's will, though not as we wished. The Lord be with thee and comfort thee. It was the only child of his mother, and she a widow, whom our Lord comforted in Nain. . . .

CONNELLY SPRINGS, N. C., July 17, 1890.

. . . . My thoughts have been with you almost constantly since your return to your desolate home from the new made grave at Oakwood. I know how your heart aches for the caress and sweet companionship of your lovely child. She must have been indeed a most lovely and interesting girl, for I heard the teachers, as well as the girls, at "Peace" speak of her so often in the very highest terms of approbation. . . . No doubt your sad heart keeps asking why need my greatest joy and comfort be taken from me, and the only answer, is, "Even so Father, for it seems good in thy sight." Our Lord has abolished death and she has but entered on a higher existence, a fuller life, where disease and pain are unknown. I picture her as with joyful enthusiasm she enters upon that delightful service above. I deeply sympathize with you in your loneliness that increases as the days go by and the absence of the dear, graceful daughter is felt more and more. . . . May God comfort you.

RICHMOND, VA., July 23, 1890.

. . . . Need I say I weep with you? How comforting the thought that "it is well with the child;" to feel sure that she goes on developing and unfolding under conditions more favorable than earth can furnish. . . . Surely the "Beloved has gone down into His garden to gather lilies" and has taken one of the most choice. . . . May He who chose her comfort you.

OXFORD, N. C., July 4, 1890.

. . . I wish I could put my arms around you and tell you how I love you and how I sorrow for you—I have just heard that your darling has gone on to her father to wait for you and I know that your poor heart aches. I asked our loving Father to be all in all to you. How glad I am that you know and trust Him. It seems so sad—I cannot realize that dear, bright Lonnie has gone. She seemed so well and happy when I saw her last. . . . "It is well with the child." I shall not try to comfort you, for words are so empty and meaningless in an affliction like yours. We are in the hands of an all wise, powerful God, who never makes mistakes. . . .

154 COLLEGE AVE.,

INDIANAPOLIS, July 8, 1890.

. . . Our hearts are beating in tenderest sympathy and love for you, and almost breaking over the loss of our dear little cousin. I wish I were near that I might put my arms around you and try to help you bear this great sorrow. Look up to Jesus, dear cousin; He will abide with you. May sits and weeps with us. She loved Lonnie so much. . . . Who did not that ever knew her? I recall her visits to us with delight. I shall always remember her as the loveliest child I ever knew. . . . We ask again and again why was such a perfect, beautiful child taken away when it seemed so essential to us all that she should live? It is not for us to question; we cannot understand *now* God's dealing with us, but "hereafter we shall know."

OXFORD, N. C.

. . . Truly, our Heavenly Father is testing you! I tremble to think what might become of me were I in your place. I wish I could see you that we might talk about the precious child. I regret so much that I never saw and knew more of her. The pleasant visit from you five years ago, being the only time that I was permitted to know much of Lonnie, but she made a deep and lasting impression on me then, as being a lovely child, with such a sweet and amiable disposition. I remember how beautifully she played with other children. Do you recall the little incident of her breaking the glass tumbler when she was here, and how distressed she was, calling you up-stairs and insisting on you telling me? She was a child of such delicate, refined feelings. . . . I often say to my husband that I want our little Annie to be just like her in form, feature and disposition. I pray for help, wisdom and strength to instruct her aright, that by the time she has attained to Lonnie's age, you may recognize some similarity of disposition that will make you love the child and feel that she does not forfeit her right of near relationship to your own accomplished child.

FRANKLINTON, N. C., July 8, 1892.

. . . . Lonnie was too pure for earth, she was a beautiful character, and we all loved her so much, so gentle and amiable in all her ways; and to us bid fair to live a long and useful life, but God has ordained it otherwise—has plucked the bud before it bloomed and placed it on His own bosom, that He might inhale its fragrance and admire its beauty. But my heart aches when I try to imagine the sorrow of your heart. I pray you may have the help of our omnipotent Saviour.

63 CHURCH STREET,

ASHEVILLE, N. C., July 14, 1890.

. . . . How well do I know the powerlessness of words to soothe in hours dark as these, and yet sympathy assists us in bearing, although, it cannot lift the burden of sorrow, hence I do not feel it an intrusion to express my fondest love and deepest sympathy. To those of us who have passed under the rod and felt the keen pangs of sorrow, your anguish comes nearer than to those who have escaped life's bitterest woes. . . . Well do I know that with dear Lonnie's flight inspiration has gone out of life, and the future too dreary to be met. But I beg you "believe in God, let not your heart be troubled."

EAST BEND, N. C., July 8, 1890.

. . . . I cannot tell with what surprise and sorrow I learned of the death of your precious, only child, some days after you had laid her to rest beside her dear father in Raleigh. How mysterious are the ways of our Father, whom we know does all from love, and we dare not doubt Him, yet at times His rod lies heavily upon us. It must be to wean us from this life. All of us are too anxious for our loved ones, often causing a barrier between Him and us. . . . Oh, dear one, my heart aches for you; may our prayers be some help for grace and strength. Mary's prayer for you last night was for God to help us to love you more and more now that precious Lonnie is gone. . . . There is a verse of Longfellow's on my mind:

“Not as a child shall we again behold her,
For when with rapture wild,
In our embrace shall we again enfold her,
She will not be a child,
But a fair maiden in her Father's Mansion
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful beyond the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.”

BROWNSVILLE, TEX., July 24, 1890.

. . . . Constantly have my thoughts been with you since came to me the word that your precious Lonnie had been taken by other arms into another home prepared by other than earthly love for her spirit's eternal dwelling place. We are unable to see *now* the wisdom and love that took so much of worth and promise from this needy world. We know how you had almost worshipped her, and how you had planned for her future. Her beauty of person and character can never fade from my memory.—Among the sweetest pictures that hang on "Memories' walls" is that of your devotedness to each other when we sojourned at the Gulf's side in '87.—May Divine grace which alone can soothe such wounds as yours, be abundantly given.

KEYSER, N. C., July 13, 1890.

. . . . I knew Lonnie was remarkably good, but it had never occurred to me that it meant getting ready for Heaven so soon. So well do I remember the dear child at Camp Meeting last summer, and how she made the servant woman who cooked for us promise never to take God's name in vain again. I noted, too, with what forethought and knowledge she displayed the tact of one far beyond her years in so many things. . . .

HUSSEY INSTITUTE,
H. MATAMORAS, MEXICO, 9th Mo. 15, 1890.

. . . . Your sorrow is my sorrow, and your bereavement mine also. I have felt to write you was more than I could do. But when I look up, knowing that there is sweet, angel Lonnie in all the joy and glory of Heaven—she with the dear Lord Jesus and He with you, which makes her nearer you than ever before—I feel that it is selfishness to grieve. . . . Letters of condolence and sympathy of friends cannot bring resignation to a grief like yours; only the grace of God and time can bring that peace which your heart so reaches out for. . . . Dear sister, this “heaping of sorrow” means an harvest of eternal joy.—This “darkness and loneliness” the dawning of the Sun of righteousness; and the sum of the whole, “I have made thy burden heavy that thou might’st lean upon *Me*, and thy way dark and lonely that *I* might guide thee with mine eye. . . .” The first thought which flashed across my mind when I read, “Lonnie’s sweet spirit went to Heaven Wednesday” in the telegram from Dr. A., was, “This is sorrow’s crown of sorrow.” Then came the blessed consolation that her loving Father did not permit her sweet gentle spirit to know that great sorrow of being left without you. She could never have understood how to have borne the separation, as you can after a life with all its shadows. L. writes me with reference to dear Lonnie’s going away, “God’s dealings with us often seem mysterious, yet we know all is prompted by infinite love. I think perhaps one of the sweetest experiences of Heaven will be the revelation of those mysteries which these finite minds are not able to grasp.”

I believe that with even these finite minds we are sometimes able to grasp the "whys." Life cannot be very long at the furthest, and it would have been a bitter sorrow to you to have left the dear child in this world with all its cares, responsibilities and disappointments. Do you remember she said that some day she wanted to be a Missionary—she was. While here she did her work—'ere now there gleam gems in her well won crown.

You understand too well what the word *Missionary* means for any explanation. How often the way is so dark. Is it not better to think of her having escaped all this for a life of glory! When your work as a mother had been perfected, God saw fit to remove her from you. With the great King are your treasures—mother, husband, child and Heaven—so look forward, not back—look out, not in. This sorrow will be one of the sweetest memories when Heaven is gained. . . . On the 2d inst., the dear people here held a "Memorial Service."—The "discursos" were very precious. You will find in Lonnie's little hymn book in Spanish the hymns sung, 63, 96, 64. . . . Doña Josepha has just been telling me how beautifully Lonnie used to talk to her on their way to her music recitations. And Miss Bryda [*L.'s music and French teacher*] says she never knew such a perfect child. . . . May God in His love and mercy deal very tenderly with you. Do you not know what she would say if she could speak to you? It would be, "Mama, it is all for the best." Can't you find comfort in knowing that was the way *she* viewed God's dealings with us—the teachings of the little saint while she was yet with you?

The following Letters are from little French and Mexican friends of Lonnie's :

MATAMORAS, MEXICO, July 30, 1890.

. . . . We have heard the very sad news of dear Lonita's death; though we know she is in Heaven, yet we feel so grieved to think that we shall see her no more in this world. But I intend to meet her in Heaven where God will never take her from me again. I loved her so much, she was so good.

On Lonita's birth-day (Aug. 2d) we had a meeting in the Church for her—they sang some beautiful songs and Don Luciano preached, and others spoke and read pieces about Lonita and you. I have two letters that she wrote me. I am going to keep them. You must be very sad and lonely, but Lonita we know is with God and it will be but a short time, till all we who are good will be with her. Don't grieve for Lonita, for God does all for the best.

NUEVO LAREDO, MEXICO, July, 1890.

. . . . I was very much grieved to hear that my dear friend, Lonnie, had died. Mama would not tell us until we got back from our trip to Corpus Christi, for fear it would keep us from enjoying ourselves. I am very sorry for you, but for Lonnie there is no sorrow, but perfect happiness because she was such a dear, Christian girl. . . . When we were at Point Isabel together, I used to wonder how any one could be so good and kind to every one. I have several things that Lonnie gave me to remember her by, but her photograph has been ruined.—If you have one to spare can you send it to me some time?

MATAMORAS, MEXICO, July 13, 1890.

. . . . The Lord Jesus wished to have an angel more in the Celestial World, so He called our dear loving Lonita. So now she is rejoicing with the Lord and singing among the Angels. Oh, I have such a tender memory of dear Lonita when in the school-room. I always loved her so much.—I can never forget the sweet hours I passed with her here. . . . I remember how she used to sit at my desk and study with me the History of Mexico. And the last Sunday that she passed here I read with her the Bible. We read the Psalms and marked some beautiful texts. The last Psalm that we read was the 78th. . . . Oh, how can I ever forget my sweet friend, Lonita! She was always a good, Christian girl. . . .

Hoy hace un mes que falleció nuestra sobrina

Louise H. Winston,

y en recuerdo de su muerte tendrá lugar esta
noche un culto fúnebre en el templo de los
Amigos, al cual invitamos á ud. y familia.

H. Matamoros, Agosto 2 de 1890.

⌘ ⌘ - See Translation on page 58.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

On the 2d day of August, 1890, Lonnie's 14th birthday and the completion of one month in Heaven, her friends in Matamoras, Mexico, held a "Memorial Service," when several "discursos" were delivered from which the following extracts are taken. The translation gives only the general sense, much of the beauty and tenderness of the original being necessarily lost.

(By *Gertrudis G. de Ureste.*)

"And He said, take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."—Genesis, 22:2.

From the text we see the proof of love and obedience that Jehovah asked of the patriarch, Abraham, to whom was given the sweet name of "The Friend of God." After that proving the Lord reaffirmed His covenant in these words, "And in thy seed shall the nations of the earth be blest, because thou hast *obeyed* my voice."

If we consider thoughtfully the dispensations of our Father, we shall see that His love has no limit, that His blessings are in accord with our obedience, and His recompenses are such that our intelligence can scarcely reach them.

Let us agree that now as well as in the days of the just Abraham, His special visitations to one of our sisters in the faith is a clear indication that His blessings shall distinguish her. What those blessings may be the Lord has them in His providences, as it is written, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

The greater part of those congregated here knew the amiable child, Lonita H. Winston, whose Christian virtues made all those who observed them esteem her, finding in her a model of filial tenderness, an example of modesty to the girls of her age, and an edifying type to all of us who knew her dedication to the Holy Scriptures. . . .

Lonita's sweet spirit flew to Heaven in the dawning of the morning of her life. Her spotless soul has gone to occupy the place Jesus "prepared," while it sings,

"En la mañana
De mi Existencia
La Providencia
Me Sonrió."

"In the morning of my existence, Providence smiled upon me." . . .

Blessed She! Blessed are they that die in the Lord! Blessed are the chosen ones who are delivered from tasting life's bitterness. . . . Dear children, do not permit the influence of this beautiful life to pass from you.— Cherish it! Imitate it! Remember it in detail! God did not send her to you without a purpose.

(By Guadalupe Martinez Garza.)

Sad, very sad is the object of this meeting. All here are conscious that we have come to this place to let fall a tear in remembrance of our dear and amiable schoolmate, Lonita H. Winston, who just one month ago to-day closed her beautiful eyes on the scenes of this world.

We, the girls of Hussey Institute, desiring to comfort our own hearts by thinking upon the truths of the Gospel and the happiness of those who die in the Lord have decided to commemorate to-day the death of one so dearly beloved. We are here to think upon the Christian virtues of that noble heart and to encourage ourselves by her example. . . .

We remember Lonita well. In our imagination we still see her graceful figure, and hear the echo of her sweet and tender voice. Now that she is gone, how can our tears but freely flow, and our hearts at the remembrance feel a thrill of pain!

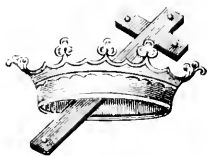
Nevertheless, because of the greatness of her faith, her love to the Master, her obedience to the precepts of the Gospel, we are assured that she is now enjoying the bliss of Heaven. We know she is shining among the stars of the blest.—A jewel adorning the crown of her God.

Let us turn this occasion to our advantage. Let us remember Lonita's faith and imitate it. Let us remember, too, and imitate her punctual attendance upon the Sunday School and all the services held in this place.

I wish us also to remember how she loved us, and how that love always kept her from those unkindly feelings so common among schoolmates. . . .

Happy thou, dear Lonita, for thou art safe in the man-

sions of perpetual peace! Thou art wearing robes whiter than snow, for they have been washed in the blood of the Lamb! Live happy among the angels! Enjoy thyself among thy redeemed kindred! Meanwhile we must journey on here until the Father calls us to join thee.



The following was clipped from "El Ramo de Olivia," a Monthly Periodical of Matamoras, Mexico.

LONNIE WINSTON.

Who among the Christians of Matamoras did not know the lovely and beautiful child whose name heads these lines?

Who did not admire in her the natural gifts with which God had adorned her? And who did not recognize that she made captive by love and kindness all who came within the circle of her influence?

We recall, scarce more than one year ago how full of life and elegance she was, when, in company with her mother, she parted from us to go to their native land to continue her studies, with the intention, perhaps, to return to help her appreciable aunt in the noble and elevated mission of instructing the youths of Mexico. But God did not permit it.—He has called her to Himself. Since the 2d day of last month she has been enjoying blessings eternal.

Our grief for her departure is great, but our consolation is that "Lonita" is with her Saviour, in whom she always, since a little child, had great faith and perfect love—faith and love inculcated into her noble heart by a pious mother, to whom God gave grace to form her daughter into a true Christian. Our sympathies are also with her aunts, our sisters, who so far away grieve this sad occasion that has come to put again, their yet

wounded hearts, into the crucible. But they do not mourn as those who have no hope, therefore they show to us that they are Christians, made to conform to the directings of the Almighty.

May the estimable mother and aunts receive our sympathy in this terrible grief. May God fill their afflicted hearts with the balm of comfort.—LUCIANO MOSCORRO.

(Translation of Card on page 52.)

H. MATAMORAS, August 2, 1890.

To day makes a month since the death of Louie H. Winston, and in remembrance of her there will be this night a funeral service in the temple of the Friends, to which we invite you and your family.



GLIMPSES OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

“Not years, but actions tell
Of noble things truly done each day,
He liveth longest, who liveth well,
All else is life but flung away.”

Is it possible that an earthly career, bounded by the narrow span of fourteen brief years, can have seen enough accomplished to merit all the pages of this volume for its record? “Not years but actions tell.” From all this mass of testimony is it not certain that Lonnie’s was a long life, measured by the standard of living well?

A host of sympathizing friends have borne witness to Lonnie’s rare gifts of person, mind, and heart, from which spontaneous utterances the selections have been made which are treasured in this book; but the story of babyhood and earliest childhood as it unfolded, day by day, within the home walls, can be told only by one near of kin.

who was privileged to watch all the stages of development during the first few years.

To one of the members of the old home circle, to which Lonnie's mother returned with her fatherless little one, is given the sad, sweet pleasure of transcribing a few of the many pretty incidents of this period with which her memory teems. Should the result fail to picture a most winsome little maiden, it will be because the loving aunt is inadequate to the task of portraying the beautiful life of the fair sunbeam which flashed across our pathway for only a moment of time.

This little ray of light we called Lonnie, to perpetuate the name borne by the father, who went away just five days after his little daughter came to earth. So like unto him, in every respect, and so constantly did she remind us of him, we think she well merited her name.

She was the centre of attraction in the old home of her grandparents, and so charming was she in all her many little ways, that every morning her appearance was hailed with delight by the whole household of uncles and aunts.

When only one year old, she was seriously ill. During the first part of her illness, she lay with her precious little eyes closed, but, whenever we called her name, she would open them and smile faintly. Her illness increased rapidly, and she

ceased to open her eyes ; then, we realized how dear she was to us, and what it would cost to give her up. But the trial was not to come at that time ; life came back, and she was restored to us more precious than ever, if possible. Ever after this, until her last illness, she had great terror of physicians, and all medical attention had to be administered through stratagem.

Once, while playing, she had a fall, from which was afterward discovered a fractured collar-bone. It was difficult to determine, between mother and child, which had received the injury, so great was the sympathy. When she had recovered somewhat from the shock, she looked up into her mother's tearful eyes and begged, " Mama, don't cry." The request was granted ; but then came the much-dreaded task of having a physician. It was finally decided to take her to the doctor's home, into the nursery among his children. When she was in the midst of play, the doctor entered, under the disguise of " Uncle Henry," a very devoted friend of her papa's, and the only person, outside of her relations, whom she had ever permitted to touch her ; but the moment the doctor attempted to examine her shoulder, she fled to her mama.

When about fifteen months old, she made with her mother one of their accustomed visits to the

home of her papa's only sister. While there, her uncle "Peckie" taught her to walk. The first day after her arrival home, the trio of young aunts kept her constantly going, until grandmamma protested that the little chubby limbs would be tired out; but it was not easy for them to deny themselves the delight of watching the grandest accomplishment of baby's life. This trio of aunts never dreamed that there was any forbidden ground for Lonnie. She and her mama had been invited to spend a few days with a friend in the neighborhood; the youngest of the three, who called herself "Aunt Casie," went one morning, on her way to school, to see the little dear. When time for separation came, it was too much for both; so, "Aunt Casie" concluded to take the little one with her, but as they neared the school, it occurred to the conscientious aunt that it was not quite the thing to do, as experience had taught her that nobody studied when baby came to school; still, the temptation was too strong, and on they went. No sooner had they made their appearance, than the aunt was reproved for bringing "baby." "Well, then, Lonnie and Aunt Casie will go back, if they don't want us here," said the offended aunt. After this outburst, the little three-year old tot took up the battle, marched straight up to the teacher, and clinging tightly to

her skirts, spent her indignation with a force that was sufficient to prove that all the gentleness and patience of the after time was due to divine grace, even more than to natural characteristics. The writer sees the little darling yet, as she placed her little hand in that of her aunt's, and both walked indignantly away with a determination never to return to that school.

She was very fond of her grandfather, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to entertain her with little stories. Once, he was reading to her the quaint old tale of the naughty boy stealing apples from the old man who pelted him with stones. She listened with deepest interest, and when he had finished, said earnestly, "Grand-papa, I would not have an old man in this house for anything," not for once realizing her grandfather's age. On many occasions, in after years, that grandfather delighted to tell of her talks to him about "God and the angels."

When Lonnie was seven years of age, the writer bade her good-bye for a long journey, not expecting to see her for years to come. Her mother decided to accompany me a part of the way, sending Lonnie to remain with her "Aunt Casie," in school. Delighted to join her aunt, and, at the same time, feeling the separation from her mother keenly—for these separations were few—the wri-

ter can, in her mind's eye, see her, as she sat within her uncle's arms, muffled up for her journey, with those large brown eyes, brimful with tears, looking back as she was driven rapidly away, to be gone two long weeks from mamma.

On Christmas day, just two years later, Lonnie with her mother joined me in my missionary home in Mexico. The loveliness and beauty of her precious life had developed in a marked degree during these two years. A priceless little gem she proved to be: shedding radiant light upon the pathway of many whose lives had been spent in darkness. Such integrity in a child was rather marvellous to those who had been taught from early childhood, both by example and precept, that deception was a necessary constituency to make life a success. Lonnie was very studious, and in a very short time mastered the Spanish language to such an extent, and spoke with such fluency and accuracy that not even the natives could detect the foreign accent to any great degree. Many were the compliments she received from the school officials during our public examinations, in which she did the institution and herself great credit. Whatever she undertook, she perfected. Unselfishness was one of the first principles of her character. It appeared, not as an occasional feature, but as the whole habit of

her life. One little incident of map-drawing was rather touching, as also illustrative of her perseverance. There was a large class preparing maps for the examinations, and all the tables in the institution were occupied by these maps. Not finding a place for hers, she quietly went into the parlor, and there spread her map out upon the floor. Her teacher found her there upon her knees busily at work. When some suggestions were made as to her map, she begged, "Please, don't tell me anything, Auntie; if you do, the map will not be mine." Many of her maps and drawings still adorn the walls of Hussey Institute. When sent to practice her music, she would take her little clock, placing it upon the piano; not one moment of the hour would she lose.

The children were not slow to discover that Lonnie's life possessed the true and the beautiful, and soon she became their ideal of a Christian. She had none of that austere nature one would suppose might result from coming daily in contact with a thing so obnoxious as falsehood must have been to her pure life. Extremely sensitive to the wounds to which a tender nature like hers is exposed, yet courageous when the principle of right or wrong was involved, her sweet, gentle, quiet ways told of her refined nature better than words can describe. She was a child of great

adaptability, until yielding touched her high sense of honor, then she became firmness itself. Nothing could ever induce her to come below the standard of absolute rectitude. Often, the dark eyes of our school children have filled with tears as they have related, since she went away, the many little incidents of her perfect life among them. In one instance, this, illustrative of her loyalty to her mother: One of the girls, wishing to tell her a secret, insisted that she should keep it from her mother. Lonnie refused to receive her confidence without the privilege of telling mama. Notwithstanding this, she never lost their confidence. Her ready acquisition of their language, her similarity to their nation in her general appearance, and polite, affable manners toward them, gave her a place of great respect and reverence in their hearts.

Never did she impress me with the strength of her character as when a physician was called for medical advice for her. He prescribed wine. Instantly the word was spoken, she turned upon the doctor, while the mother sat astonished to hear her modest, shrinking child defend the cause of temperance with such earnestness. I was in the adjoining room, and came to learn the cause of this warm discussion. When I entered, the doctor raised his hands in holy horror, appealing to me

for assistance in convincing the "little fanatic," as he termed her, the like of whom he had never met, that she should not oppose him and condemn such excellent medicine. When he discovered that the whole household were in sympathy with the child, he condemned her to the worst of medicines, which she graciously accepted, having so successfully gained the victory.

Notwithstanding Lonnie's unpretentious manner, she was never indifferent to her personal appearance, which made her prepossessing even to the most uncultivated. She never thought her toilette complete without the little button-hole bouquet, which she seldom neglected to wear. I can see her yet, as she used to appear early in the morning, in her snowy-white dress and red jacket, with shining hair falling over her shoulders, while she gathered flowers which her own busy hands had cultivated in the little garden just opposite my window. Oftentimes, I now sit and look out upon the spot thus made sacred by memories of the little gardener, herself so like unto a flower in the purity and fragrance of her life. Was not her going away, too, a transplanting, such that we can see, even through our tear-dimmed eyes that

"Not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day.

“He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care ;
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.

“And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.”



